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A LADY HELP.

Her father, Commander Dundonald Poppinger, had the gunboat Iris when his wife presented him with a little black browed, dark-eyed daughter. So, against the dictates of her own tastes, which would have led her to give some more appropriate name to the olive-skinned, dark-eyed stranger, Mrs. Poppinger acceded to her husband's request, and had the baby baptized "Iris." Time went on in its well established custom, and little Iris was succeeded by many other little Poppingers, whose names are not of the slightest consequence to this story. She grew from babyhood to childhood, and on to young girlhood in a semi-respectable street in a seaport town that was not even semi-respectable, when its sins of dirt, drunkenness and depravity are remembered against it. Nevertheless, in this town Iris grew up in flower-like purity and prettiness, though the latter was of the order of a tropical bloom rather than that of a delicate religious-tinted gray-blue Iris, whose name she bore. Grew up to be a very refined, agreeable and accomplished addition to Badsmouth society, when her father, who had retired on the munificent sum allowed by a paternal Government to the sons who can neither work nor fight for it, was living in shabby gentility. He was an officer and a gentleman, and all his life he had associated with officers and gentlemen; and, poor old man, it was a fact that he took much pride in his position, and took what he and his wife thought a "certain stand upon it."

Poor olive-skinned, dark-eyed Iris! Her mother's relations spoke of her as "deplorably dark," for they were all of the whitey-brown order themselves, and despised poor Iris for her pronounced tints, What was to be done with her? This was the hard problem that arose for them to solve as all the little Poppingers, her brothers and sisters, grew up. She was ahead of all the others in years, so it was supposed that she was ahead of them all in understanding also. Therefore all the family advisers—and they were many—decreed that "Iris should go out and 'do something' to maintain herself." They made their suggestions freely, but their suggestions were indefinite. In a lower stratum of society the well-to-do advisers are willing to "name" the vocations they think their impecunious relations should follow. Cook, housemaid, scullerymaid, or "general" they suggest. But in the case of Captain Dundonald Poppinger's pet, no one liked to be the first to hint that Iris had need to be thankful if she could get the place of a nursery governess. So they only said airily that "it would be well for her to think of doing something, however humble, for herself before her father's death, (an event which they sympathetically suggested might come off at any time) obliged her to put her shoulder to the wheel."

The wheel never revolved within her reach, and while she was making strenuous efforts to get near it her father died, and her mother was left to glory in his memory, and a pension of seventy pounds a year. Things that were very appalling to the girl were said to and of her then by rich relatives, who assumed the right to criticise and direct her life, but who never gave her a shilling to help to make that life a respectable one. Under the guise of an affectionate counsel, the most bitter things were said by those who claimed the right to utter them on the plea of 'blood-relationship.' She was scolded and sneered at for not having cultivated some special and expensive branch of education, which would have enabled her to teach it as a specialist expensively to others. She was called to account sharply for not having been sufficiently attractive to have won some well-off man to marry her. She was made to feel that she cumbered the face of the earth, and that it was entirely her own fault that she did so. And a despairing cry went out from her young soul to God that He would take her away, and not suffer her to cumber the earth any longer. It was only the unreasoning cry of an unreasoning young creature, who had not learned yet that to be refined, sensitive, helpless and poor is an unpardonable combination in the eyes of well-to-do relatives. Some of these latter would really have generously doled out suitable food and raiment to Iris for the rest of her life, if only she had begged humbly, and abased herself in a sycophantic way. But, as she did not think of doing these things, the well-to-do relatives found it easier and cheaper to say all manner of unkind and uncharitable things about her, and then to "wash their hands of her,"—a cleansing process which is both cheap and convenient.

Poor Iris! Bright, clever, and amusing, there was nothing she could do sufficiently well when it came to the point to entitle her to teach it to others. Moreover, she had not the gift of imparting knowledge, even if she had received it from others in the first place; nor had she the gift of acting a false part, and pretending to be capable of doing that of which she was incapable.

Things soon went from bad to worse in the Poppinger household, which now had to be managed on seventy pounds a year. Mrs. Poppinger broke down in health and spirits, as it is the presumptuous habit of delicately nurtured women to break down when they grow old and are overweighted and underfed. She became so seriously ill that a rich cousin—a city magnate—fearing that she might die, and her children be sent to the Union, and so disgrace him, offered to have the little ones cheaply and practically educated, and to give Iris a home on "certain conditions." The conditions were hard, and Iris would have revolted, only—she couldn't. They were that Mrs. Dundonald Poppinger should take the situation of matron in the cheap and practical school to which her younger children were to be sent, and that Iris should take up her abode with their benefactor as "lady help."

The conditions were accepted. Of course they were! Don't the convicts accept their "skilly," and doesn't the hare accept his fate at the paws of greyhounds fleeter and stronger than himself? Mrs. Poppinger went as matron to the school, where an illiberal education was given illiberally to her little ones; and Iris went as unpaid drudge to her mother's rich cousin's wife. Every one who knew little about her, and heard her speak of herself, said this lady was a most estimable woman, quite a model British matron, with a well-pronounced abhorrence of other people's short-comings, and a comfortable conviction that she herself did her whole duty in a way that couldn't help being rewarded. Indeed, as contentment is a virtue, Mrs. Witherington's profound self-contentment placed her on her pedestal in the estimation of herself and many of the adoring friends whom she rewarded munificently for paying her homage.

"This is an experiment merely, remember, about Iris Poppinger," she explained to her circle when it was settled that Iris should come to stay at the Witherington's house in Connought Place, as lady-help to the wealthy city merchant's wife. "This is an experiment merely. I don't feel myself bound to keep Miss Poppinger if she proves useless to me; if she has a well-regulated mind, she will be so thankful for the blessing of a much more comfortable home than she has ever known, that she will strive to be humble and useful."

"Come, come, now," her husband said, half jocularly, but with feeling nevertheless; "Iris isn't coming here to be a drudge, you know, my dear; you must remember the girl has been well brought up, and you—well, you must be considerate and make allowances for her."

Mrs. Witherington had the reputation of being a Tartar in her household. Therefore her husband thought it well to pour a little oil upon the troubled waters, on which poor Iris would shortly sail.

"I shall do my duty by your cousin's daughter, Mr. Witherington, have no fear of that," she said, with an air of injured and overtaxed patience. "*I* do not bring any one from my side of the house into our Eden; *I* do not wish the introduction of a serpent into our Paradise."

"Why, bless my soul! Iris is but a girl, with no more of the serpent about her than—than you have, my dear," Mr. Witherington said warmly. And Mrs. Witherington smiled coolly, and said, "We shall see."

Iris was received very kindly in her new home. That is, the Witheringtons were going out to dinner when she arrived, cold and hungry, at seven o'clock in the evening, at her new home; but Mrs. Witherington's own maid (who looked upon Iris as a rival) gave her some tea and toast. Her bedroom was large, healthy, and airily furnished.

"If I could get by a fire," the poor girl said pleadingly to Bond, the maid.

"Well, I don't know what their wishes are about your going down stairs yet," the maid said, circumspectly; "but Mrs. Witherington wouldn't hear of a fire in your room, that I know. When you've taken off your things you might come into Mrs. Witherington's dressing-room and have your tea by the fire, and a chat with me."

"I think I am too tired," Iris said, choking back all semblance of feeling hurt as well as she could. But the task was a little hard for her. Was she to be the waiting woman's companion?

"I'll be that, I'll be anything; I'll put my neck under the yoke to any extent to help mother, to make things easier for mother!" the poor child said to herself that night after her prayers had been said, and she had crept dispiritedly into bed. And the next morning it seemed as though she were to be immediately rewarded for her brave resolve, for Mrs. Witherington came to her quite early and kindly, and said:

"Iris, I hope you have slept well, and I hope you have remembered all you owe to Mr. Witherington? We do not ask for any earthly reward for the good we do, but still I would not have you ungrateful or careless about the benefits you receive. You are to stay in bed and have your breakfast comfortably this morning. I never expect too much of any one, and your journey may have fatigued you. When you are dressed come to me in my dressing-room, and I'll appoint you some of your duties."

"I'd rather get up now," Iris cried; "I'm not fatigued. I hate breakfast in bed. I'm ready for my duties."

Mrs. Witherington lifted up a conscientiously kept plump hand, and shook it warningly.

"You must subdue that unruly temper and tongue, Iris; you must learn to be grateful and humble in your demeanor toward those who befriend you at the cost of much trouble and anxiety to themselves; I am afraid you have not been taught to keep yourself in subjection. You will have your breakfast in your own room this morning, and after it, in two hours' time, you will come to me."

She sailed out of the room as she said this, leaving behind her a general impression of fatness and floridness, and of feline cautiousness. Had she waited a minute longer, Iris would have asked to be allowed to go out and take a little walk in the fresh air in the park. The thought of breakfast was repugnant to her. But Mrs. Witherington did not grant her this minute for action.

The fact was, Mrs. Witherington had planned her arrangements rather too closely. Bond, her maid, was an expensive luxury; therefore, when Mrs. Witherington agreed to take Iris into her honse as lady-help she determined at the same time to get rid of Bond, and make Iris assume Bond's duties. But she did not wish Iris to be alarmed by Bond's report either of these duties or of the one who exacted them. Therefore, she had settled that Bond should leave the house in the afternoon of the day on which Iris was to arrive in the evening. But Bond had fathomed Mrs. Witherington's motive, and had malignantly defeated it.

However, Iris had given the maid no opportunity of talking of her wrongs and her mistress's meanness on the previous night; and, having ascertained this, Mrs. Witherington was resolved that she should not have the chance of doing so this morning. Accordingly, she kept Iris a prisoner in her room until Bond could be gently expelled from the house. This done, Mrs. Witherington felt that she had it in her to induct Iris into Bond's place so cleverly and cautiously that the girl would not realize that she was only a lady's maid. Bond, who was taking away a very much better character than she deserved by reason of her mistress's ardent desire to get rid of her peaceably, was very perverse about being sped on her way. She lingered longer than usual over the thankless task of adorning her mistress's ill-favored head with morning lace. Her "hands trembled so," she asserted, pulling Mrs. Witherington's locks sharply as she spoke, "that she really couldn't get on; the thought of how that inexperienced young person would fail to set off Mrs. Witherington to the best advantage, upset her horful."

To this Mrs. Witherington suavely replied that she "thanked Heaven she had no personal vanity, and if it were not pleasing Mr. Witherington, and helping to keep up their exalted position, she should by preference wear the unassuming print instead of the sumptuous satin or rich piled velvet."

"If I could see the young person for half an hour I could put her in the way," Bond suggested, but Mrs. Witherington was deaf to the suggestion; and at length Bond was evicted, and Mrs. Witherington prepared to install Iris in the vacant place.

Humility and gratitude—these were the virtues that Mrs. Witherington prized most highly in those around her; and she made them her theme during her first hour's intercourse with Iris. At the end of her harangue she suddenly assumed a pleasantly bustling air, which was at least a relief to Iris after the portentious demeanor of the last hour.

"I like my house to be like a hive—full of busy bees," she commenced briskly. "Now, Iris, by the way, haven't you another name? Iris is too absurd."

"It is my only name; therefore, absurd as you may think it, you will have to call me by it," Iris said quietly.

"I think I shall call you Poppinger."

"I think you will not," the girl said, so decidedly that Mrs. Witherington thought she would surrender that point.

"Well now, Iris, you begin to be one of my busy bees at once. I have been very careful in having the duties of a lady-help laid down for my guidance. you will assist me at my toilet, keep my wardrobe in perfect order, and wash all my laces and fine things. When you consider what a home you will have here, when you remember what boundless gratitude you owe to Mr. Witherington for maintaining you, your heart will throb gladly, and will own that little enough is expected of you in return."

"What wages am I to have?" asked Iris, looking Mrs. Witherington straight in the face.

"Wages!"

"Yes, wages! Servants always have them, and I shall be a servant while I live here."

"No. Iris, no," Mrs. Witherington interrupted plausibly, "you will be nothing of the kind; you will be a "lady help"—mark the word, a *lady*-help. You will not be required to associate with the other domestics—I mean with the servants."

"Say the 'other servants,'" Iris put in bluntly.

"No, I will not; you are my lady help, and you are going to be a nice, good, little, industrious girl, and relieve your poor, dear mother of a dreadful burden," Mrs. Witherington said quite encouragingly.

"My poor dear mother would break her heart if she knew all this," Iris said meditatively "but she won't know, Mrs. Witherington. Where are your laces?" the girl continued, jumping up from her low chair as she spoke. "I shall tear them to tatters; still I had better begin washing them at once."

The girl had a high spirit and a loving heart. The former would have driven her into rebellion against Mrs. Witherington. The latter made her bear hard things for her mother's sake. She fell into the way of doing all that Mrs. Witherington required of her, and that lady nourished the fond delusion that she had secured a treasure for life at a cheap rate. But all the while Iris was biding her time patiently, in order that her first struggle might be an effectual and last one.

Soon Bond could not have competed with her in the deft handling of Mrs. Witherington's hair, laces, or renovated costumes. Adroit, light-handed, gifted with taste to a rare degree, she "made the best" of her task-mistress's personal appearance in a way that caused a spark of gratitude to ignite at last in that self-adoring lady's heart. When she had done this, Iris made her first move.

"Mrs. Witherington," she began one night, when her mistress was sitting exultant before the glass, studying the good effect of recently placed "old point" and diamonds on head, "am I a good lady's-maid now?"

"There can't be a better," Mrs. Witherington said enthusiastically.

"I am glad, for you will give me a character that will get me what I want."

"A what?"

"A character. I am going to get into some place where I can make money to pay for something I must have,"

"And what is that?"

"Lessons for the stage."

Then Mrs. Witherington scolded stormed, expostulated, pleaded. But Iris had learned her own value during this time of iron servitude, and she stood out now either for good wages or a good character.

"Mr. Witherington will sink under the disgrace of a relation of his going on the stage," his wife urged; but Iris only laughed.

"I shall not proclaim the relationship. I shall be too much ashamed to acknowledge how a "relation" has tried to degrade and keep me down, if I ever do get among ladies and gentlemen on the stage."

"What has put this idea into your head?"

"Seeing that Miss Tremayne is advertising for a maid, and offering forty pounds a year wages. Miss Tremayne wouldn't be the grand actress she is if she hadn't the heart to feel for such a poor foot ball of fortune as I am."

"Your wicked ambition will bring you to ruin," Mrs. Witherington said spitefully, tears of vexation coming into her eyes at the prospect of losing her 'cheap treasure.' "I wash my hands of you, but the world shall know that you preferred a life of wicked excitement and temptation to a safe and happy home with your own relations."

"Your world and mine will never be the same—luckily for me," Iris said coolly, and Mrs. Witherington could have slapped her for being so indepen dent though penniless.

Iris went to the beautiful, popular and clever Miss Tremayne as maid, and remained with her in that capacity one hour. At the end of that hour the warm-hearted woman who was at the top of the ladder, had learned the story of the poor little aspirant at the foot.

"You shall stay with me as my friend and pupil, Iris," she said, with all that gracious grace that has made her such a sovereign lady on the stage, "and as it will be impossible for you really to study while your mind is half absent with your mother and her troubles, those troubles must be relieved at once. I am alone in the world; they shall be my mother and brothers."

For fifteen months, Mr. and Mrs. Witherington told all their friends "in confidence" that they washed their hands of Iris, whose conduct and career had crushed all sympathy and interest for her out of their expansive hearts. At the end of that time Iris made a successful *debut*. Then for another year she studied harder than ever, always helped by Miss Tremayne. Then she "ground" for six months in small parts in the provinces. Then Miss Tremayne brought her out at her (Miss Tremayne's) own theatre without any preliminary puff, and Iris touched the people's heart and taste at once.

The second night of her performance, the Witheringtons were there, letting every one near them know that the young actress was their cousin. The next, Mrs. Poppinger received an offer from her cousin of a moderate income for her life, and at the same time he reminded her that had it not been for his excellent wife's admirable training of Iris, Iris would never have been able to approach Miss Tremayne with a proffer of services. "In fact," he said, "I hope our dear girl will never forget that this most gratifying result is entirely due to the circumstance of our having given Iris a home and taught her to be useful. This is a most pleasing reflection to us, and I trust you will always keep this truth before our dear girl."

So, as Iris soared higher and higher, the Witheringtons eulogized themselves more and more to their own circle as the benefactors and guardian angels of their "little pet cousin Iris."—*Annie Thomas (Mrs. Pender Cudlip) in Whitehall Review.*

TITLES IN THE LIMEKILN CLUB.

Rev. Penstock, who insists upon being addressed by his title, and who never accords the same honor to any of the Judges, Colonels or Professors in the club, suddenly bobbed up and offered the following:

Resolved, Dat judging a dog fight or a jumping match does not license a cull'd man to assume de title of Judge wid a big J; and

Resolved, Dat while whitewashin' and stoveblackin' am perfeshuns to be looked up to and respected, de pussons follerin' sich perfeshuns am not necessarily Perfessors with a big P; and

Resolved, That bossin' a job of diggin' a cellar or fillin' an icehouse doan' entitle de bosser to call hisself Colonel.

Penstock was hardly down before the thirteen professors, seventeen judges and twenty-eight colonels in the club, were on their feet and demanding to be heard. They felt the insult and were prepared to resent it, and Penstock was seen to grow pale at the rate of a mile a minute. Brother Gardner finally secured silence, after continuous rapping, and then said:

"Will de Rev. Penstock explain how he cum by his title?"

"Yes, sah. Ize a preacher, sah."

"Was you regularly ordained?"

"Yes, sah."

"Who ordained you?"

"Two deacons of the First Baptist Church, of Richmond."

There was a general yell over his reply, and the worthy member lost his temper and rushed from the room.

"My friends," kindly observed the President, "envy allus overreaches herself. If it seems to please a fellow mortal to call him Professor, or Judge, or Major, or Gineral, keep it up. It costs nuthin, an' keeps him good natured. It sounds much better to read in de papers dat Professor Gimalong Jones am at present engaged in cartin' out ashes for Colonel Dayball Smith, dan to menshin dat ole nigger Jones has struck a job of de ginger beer peddler. Let dignity go wid your titles, howeber. Professors am outer place in a white man's chicken coop, an' de Judge who lets his wife go bar'fut, will appear powerful small in de eyes of his nayburs. We will now strike a closin' attitood an' disjourn meetin'."

CINDERS IN THE EYE.—Persons traveling by railway are subject to continued annoyance by flying cinders. On getting into the eyes these are not only painful for the moment, but are often the cause of long suffering that ends in a total loss of sight. A very simple and effective cure is within the reach of every one, and would prevent much suffering and expense were it generally known.

It is simply one or two grains of flaxseed. These may be placed in the eye without injury or pain to that delicate organ, and shortly they begin to swell and dissolve a glutinous substance that covers the ball of the eye, enveloping any foreign substance that may be in it. The irritation of cutting the membrane is thus prevented, and the annoyance may soon be washed out. A dozen of these stowed away in the vest pocket may prove in an emergency worth their number in gold.

"Doctor," said a fond mother, leaning over the bedside of her son, who seemed to be suffering greatly, "what is the matter with him?" The physician examined the sufferer, and replied, "He's sick." "There," exclaimed the woman, "I knew you could tell what was the matter with him. How fortunate that you were in the neighborhood!" And she looked at the medical gentlemen with an expression that spoke of restful confidence.

Brigham Young's grave is utterly neglected and his widows never visit it. They went there once to cry over his remains, but it made the ground so sloppy that they all caught cold.

BEN BUTLER.

The just achieved triumph of Ben Butler and the clever devices with which he neutralized the effects of "split" in his own ranks recall an incident of the General's early career and which is interesting as showing that even in his youth Ben displayed those strategic abilities which have since done so much for his military and political career.

It appears that young Butler was much enamored of a pretty girl who lived on a farm about six miles from that of the Butler family in the western part of Massachusetts. The country beauty was a coquette, however, and kept quite a train of admirers in suspense, each rival doing his best to gain the advantage of the others. At last matters were brought to a climax, and the damsel appointed a certain night when she would render her final decision as to which suitor she preferred.

It goes without saying that they were all better looking than Ben, but the latter determined to put the inside of his head against the outsides of those of his opponents. The nearest way to the fair flirt's house, and the one taken by all her eager followers was over a bridge formed by a single and somewhat slippery log, placed across a deep brook in the rear of the house. Young Butler repaired to this bridge an hour earlier than the customed "courting time," carrying a pail of lard, with which he carefully anointed the log by the mellow moonlight, backing himself across astradle.

As he afterward sat with his sweetheart waiting for the other suitors to appear, a loud splash came from the direction of the brook. Ben's game eye twinkled, and in imagination he could see one of his gorgeously gotten up fellow candidates climbing up the opposite bank with his teeth chattering and heading for home cross lots, but the conspirator looked as innocent as a cat in the dairy and said nothing.

Pretty soon there came another souse, and after awhile another. The beauty began to look at the clock and show evidences of a decided pique at the negligence of her other admirers—a circumstance Ben did fail to turn to his own profit.

Presently he could faintly hear voices in the distance, and he knew that the last two swains were approaching together. Pretty soon there came a tremendous double splash.

"Dear me," said the young lady, "how the fish jump to-night."

The upshot of it was that, when the future Governor rose to go the slighted beauty gave him her hand, sealing the bargain with an old-fashioned huskingbee kiss. Butler left his prize in such a state of exultation that he forgot all about the greased log, and the first thing he knew both heels hit him in the back of his head and he took a header down below, just as his victims had done. He climbed up the already well clawed bank, made the six miles home, uttering Kearnisms unfit for publishing. He was taken with chills as a result, and when he got well, found his affianced had eloped with a hired man. Butler tells this as the narrowest escape of his life, as he said the girl began eating onions the very next day after she became engaged. The General has been lucky ever since.—*N. Y. Truth.*

SHIPS OF THE SPANISH ARMADA.

Several ships belonging to the Spanish Armada were driven by storm on the west coast of Ireland and wrecked. It has been ascertained that two of these vessels are lying off the coast of Donegal wrecked, one of them at Mullaghderg, in Rosas, and the other some miles further north. About the end of the last century the country people raised some brass cannon belonging to these vessels, and they were broken up and sold. This happened at a very low tide, and when a strong northerly wind blew off the sand. Their operations were disturbed by the return of the tide and a change of wind. The cannon secured were marked with the royal arms of Spain. Mr. Heard, of the coast guard, in 1852, saw these ships on the occasion of a very low tide and the shifting of the sand in which they are imbedded. He distinctly saw the hulls of these vessels from the forecastle to the stern. The forecastle was high, as seen in the paintings of ships in the reign of Elizabeth, and he saw a number of cannon lying in and about the forecastle. He succeeded in raising the anchor, which he deposited in the British museum. The gravel and sand about it appeared bound up with the iron in a solid mass. By means of the diving bell or helmet, the inside of these vessels might be got at, some of their contents secured, and the contents of cabin and hold would be of the greatest interest.

Before the present Divorce Court with its especial Judge, was established in London, which is in the memory of many people, the divorce suits were brought before a committee of the House of Lords, of which Lord Penzance was President. A lady well known in the fashionable world at that time, was heard to say to a relation of Lady Penzance: "How I envy Lady Penzance. I wish that I was in her place." "Why?" exclaimed her listener, a good deal astonished at this wish. "Oh," replied the lady, "because she must hear so many delightfully interesting stories."

A Dutchman's temperance lecture; "I shall tell how it vas. I drunk mine lager; den I put mine hand on mine head, and dere vas one pain: den I puts mine hand on mine body, and dere vas unudder pain; den I put mine hand on mine pocket, and dere was notding. So I jine mid de demperance beeplees. Now dere is no pain in my head, and de pain in mine body vas all gone away. I put my hand on mine pocket, and dere vas $20. So I stay mit de demperance beeples."

"I don't like to have my husband chew tobacco," remarked a young married lady, "but I put up with it, for the tinfoil is just too handy for anything in doing up my front crimps."

A sweet girl graduate wrote an essay on farm life, and gave a beautifully worded description of the manner in which the milk was extracted from the bosom of the cow.

CUTTING THE HAIR.

It may be that cutting the hair and shaving may for the time increase the action of the growth, but it has no permanent effect either upon the hair bulb or the hair sac, and will not in any way add to the life of the hair. On the contrary, cutting and shaving will cause the hair to grow longer for the time being, but in the end will inevitably shorten its term of life by exhausting the nutritive action of the hair forming apparatus. When the hairs are frequently cut, they will usually become coarser, often losing the beautiful gloss of the fine and delicate hairs. The pigment will likewise change—brown, for instance, becoming chestnut, and black changing to a dark brown. In addition, the ends of very many will be split and ragged, presenting a brushlike appearance. If the hairs appear stunted in their growth upon portions of the scalp or beard, or gray hairs crop up here and there, the method of clipping off the ends of the short hairs, of plucking out the ragged, withered and gray hairs, will allow them to grow, stronger, longer and thicker.

Mothers, in rearing their children, should not cut their hair at certain periods of the year, (during the superstitious period of full moon) in order to increase its length and luxuriance as they bloom into womanhood and manhood. This habit of cutting the hair of children brings evil in place of good, and is also condemned by the distinguished worker in this department, Professor Kaposi, of Vienna, who states that it is well known that the hair of women who possess luxurious locks from the time of girlhood, never again attains its original length after being once cut.

Pincus has made the same observation by frequent experiment, and he adds that there is a general opinion that frequent cutting of the hair increases its length, but the effect is different from that generally supposed. Thus, on one occasion he states that he cut off circles of hair an inch in diameter on the heads of healthy men, and from week to week compared the intensity of growth of the shorn place with the rest of the hair. The result was surprising to this close and careful observer, as he found in some cases the numbers were equal, but generally the growth became slower after cutting, and he has never observed an increase in rapidity.

I might also add that I believe many beardless faces and bald heads in middle and advancing age are often due to constant cutting and shaving in early life. The young girls and boys seen daily upon our streets with their closely cropped heads, and the young men with their clean shaven faces, are year by year by this fashion having their hair forming apparatus overstrained.—*Dr. Shoemaker.*

HOW A CORN DOCTOR CHEATED A GREAT MAN.

Some twenty years ago, David Davis was suffering with a severe bunion on his left foot. At least the Senator supposed it was a bunion, although, as he hadn't seen his feet for a generation, it was pretty much a matter of guesswork. However, it hurt him more than the Republican successes, so he called in a chiropodist, and when that specialist inspected the damage and came to the surface once more, he reported that the excrescence was about as big as a 10-cent leaf, and that nothing but the most careful treatment would save the foot. Mr. Davis accordingly procured a shoe of the six-day-go-as-you-please description, the toe of which he could almost see himself when he kicked out pretty hard. It was a sad sight to watch the presiding officer of our most dignified body hobbling up the Capitol steps, supported by a big cane and the leather pedestal referred to, for six months after that. It was a new edition of Bunion's Pilgrim's Progress, bound in calf. Sometimes the bunion would grow better and sometimes worse. Meanwhile the corn doctor sent in his regular bill "for digging out the Senator's foundation," as he facetiously called it. At last the sufferer became imbued with an absorbing desire to visually inspect the cause of his torments, and, one day, yielding to a sudden impulse, he limped into a photograph saloon, pried off his shoes, and requested the operator to take a tintype of his foot. When it was completed he almost fell off his seat in an apoplectic fit of rage, for the picture disclosed a small iron clamp attached to his little toe, the screw of which the chiropodist evidently tightened or loosened at pleasure. The Senator determined upon a frightful revenge, and the next morning, when the corn doctor knelt to remove the shoe, the man of weight deliberately turned around and—sat on him. But why dwell upon the sad particulars? The corn doctor was removed to the hospital, where, three months after, he died to slow music, after having made a full confession and in the full hope of a glorious immortality.—*Denver Tribune.*

"Which am de properest way to suppress yerself; does yer say, 'We eated at the table,' or 'We has done ate at the table?' asked one Austin darkey of another, they being engaged in a grammatical discussion. As they could not agree, the question was referred to Uncle Mose for his decision, which was: In de case of you two niggahs none ob you am right." "What am de proper way to say, 'We eated at de table,' Uncle Mose?" "De properest way for sich cattle es you two am to say, 'We fed at de troft.'"—*Texas Siftings.*

A scissors-grinder was ringing his bell "to grind," on Brush street, when a young man called to him and asked: "Say, can you sharpen everything!" "Yes, effery things." "Can you sharpen my wits?" "Your vits? Vhell, I guess you haf to go und get a new handle und back spring put in first. I must haf sometings to hang on py!"

"Can you change a $20 gold piece?" he asked, as he gently placed the empty glass upon the counter. "Yes," said the bartender. "Well, I will go out and see if I can find one," and the man was gone.

A debating society will tackle the question: "Which is the most fun—to see a man try to thread a needle or a woman try to drive a nail?"

THIRTY REASONS FOR ABOLISHING ALCOHOLIC DRINKS.

1. They deprive men of their reason for the time being.
2. They destroy men of the greatest intellectual strength.
3. They foster and encourage every species of immorality.
4. They bar the progress of civilization and religion.
5. They destroy the peace and happiness of tens of thousands of families.
6. They reduce many virtuous wives and children to poverty.
7. They cause many thousands of murders.
8. They prevent all reformation of character.
9. They render abortive the strongest resolutions.
10. The millions of property expended are lost.
11. They cause the majority of the cases of insanity.
12. They destroy both the body and the soul.
13. They burden sober people with millions for the support of paupers.
14. They cause immense expenditures to prevent crime.
15. They cost sober people immense sums in charity.
16. They burden the country with immense taxes.
17. Because moderate drinkers want the temptation removed.
18. Drunkards want the opportunity removed.
19. Sober people want the nuisance removed.
20. Tax payers want the burden removed.
21. The prohibition would save thousands now falling.
22. The sale exposes our family to destruction.
23. The sale exposes our persons to insult.
24. The sale upholds the vicious and idle at the expense of the industrious and virtuous.
25. The sale subjects the sober to great oppression.
26. It takes the sober man's earnings to support the drunkard.
27. It subjects numberless wives to untold sufferings.
28. It is contrary to the Bible.
29. It is contrary to common sense.
30. We have a right to rid ourselves of the burden.

ANCIENT CASTINGS.

The art of casting in metal is so dependent on the clay model from which the mold is obtained that it might almost be assumed *a priori* that improvement n plastic art would neccessarily lead to a great development of metallurgical skill, and accordingly we find two celebrated Samian artists, Theodorus and Rhœcus, credited with the invention of casting bronze at a date probably not many years distant from that of Butades. When ancient writers speak of casting metal as the invention of the two Samian artists, we must understand by this statement that improved kind of casting in which the metal poured between the mold and a central sore, and which is called hollow casting, in contradistinction to the more primitive process in which the molten metal entirely fills the mold, and which is therefore called solid casting. We know that this clumsier solid casting was familiar to the Egyptians, the Phœnicians, and the Assyrians, centuries before the time of Theodorus, and we find it used for the handles of large bronze craters in Mycenæan tombs, and in small figures such as are found in the lowest stratum of the soil at Olympa. It was, however, unsuitable for statues on a large scale on account of its great weight and cost; therefore, it was that most Greek statues in bronze were originally made of separate pieces of metal hammered out on a mold, and then nailed together on a wooden core. Such figures, called *sphyrelata*, or hammered work, were still extant in Greek temples in the time of Pausanias. The inventions attributed to Theodorus and his brother substituted for this primitive kind of metallurgy an easier and surer process, which, after having been brought to an extreme perfection by the Greeks, has been handed down to modern times with little (if any) improvement in its technical processes.

THE COOK'S LOVER.—When a certain family on the Brush farm took a new cook last month, it was specifically stated and fully understood that she was not to have any men hanging around the kitchen. She held to the agreement for three or four nights, and then the family discovered that she had a beau. He came regularly every night after that, and three or four nights ago the Colonel was at the back gate waiting for him. When the young man appeared the Colonel threw a whole iceberg into his tones as he inquired:

"Well, sir, did you come here to spark?"

"I did," was the calm reply.

"In love, are you?"

"Yes, sir."

"With whom?"

"Sarah, the cook."

"Oh, I didn't know but you loved one of my daughters," sneered the Colonel.

"No, I don't at present," said the man as he seemed to catch a sudden idea, "but the thing hasn't gone so far with Sarah but what I might break off in case you had something better upstairs for me!"

Sarah doesn't work there any more, but the Colonel won't get over being mad for several weeks yet.

The story is told of Cardinal Manning that, on being instructed by the Vatican to make a report on the state of English Freemasonry, he wrote one to the effect that "in this country Freemasonry is hardly more than a large goose club."

It is said that a young lady never can whistle in the presence of her lover. The reason is obvious. He doesn't give her a chance. When she gets her lips in a proper position for whistling something else always occurs.

A return of the cost of the British royal yachts shows that the average cost for maintenance of the yacht Victoria and Albert during the last ten years has been at the rate of $150,000 a year.